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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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DISPOSSESSED.

Duck's

Views and Reviews

THERE WAS a lot of fair speaking at the Democratic Club's Jefferson Dinner the other night, and if eloquence counted for anything these days, and public opinion

could be influenced at all by fine words and lofty sentiments, there would be some ground for hoping that the Democratic corpse can be galvanized back into life again. Judge Parker's address contained thirty solid minutes of sanity and safety, was as eloquent as the Judge ever permits anything he writes to be, and presented enough germs for thought to keep any number of Democratic Doctors busy for the rest of their natural lives. Judge D-Cady Herrick made the welkin ring with an exposition of the *raison d'être* of the Democratic Party which was about the most lucid bit of reasoning and as convincing an argument on behalf of the revivification of the deceased as any one could wish to hear. Mayor McClellan's words rang with truth and sincerity, and several other speakers opened their hearts as wide as their physical limitations allowed them to do so and moved their hearers nearly unto tears with the statement of their honest convictions. But what was the good of it all? For the present, anyhow, there is only one issue before the people of the United States, and that issue is not an ism but a personality, and a personality that has just won out by a popular majority that came pretty near to being an unanimity. We did not vote last November on Protection or Free Trade; Expansion or Imperialism; Sound Money or Vacuum Dollars; this reform or that, but upon the personality of Theodore Roosevelt. It was not upon doctrines, but a man on whom the people passed judgment. Party lines were thrown to the winds and the essence of Individualism as embodied in the fortunes of a popular idol formed the sole consideration of ninety per cent. of the voters who cast their ballots for or against either side last Autumn. It was a simple matter of confidence in him, whether people had it or not, that influenced their votes and the results were staggering as to the figures involved. Hence, we believe, that while such oratory as was dispensed at the Jefferson dinner was delightful, worthy of the occasion and of the man in honor of whose memory the banquet was given, as far as its influence on the future is concerned, Judge Parker might just as well have talked on Ninety Ways of Planting Asparagus, and Judge Herrick have confined himself to a consideration of the Table Manners of the Dinosaur. The best thing the Democratic Party can do is to win Theodore Roosevelt from the Republicans and put him up for President in 1908 if it really wants to burden itself with the responsibilities of administration in 1909 and four years thereafter. It is their only hope, and, judging from the President's speeches in Texas, is not beyond the possibilities of accomplishment. He seems to be as good a Democrat as the best of them and a great sight better politician than any.



It is gratifying news that General Porter has at last found the remains of John Paul Jones and is to bring them back with him to the country he served so well in its time of need. If it were the living body of the great naval hero that had been located, we should have strenuously advised against its return, for of late years we have pretty successfully demonstrated that in this country the only good hero is the dead hero. We sent the brilliant Sampson to his grave broken in spirit and without the rewards which were his due; we subjected Admiral Schley to humiliations which were not all deserved; we have sent General Miles into retirement curtly and deprived of that honorable recording of a service which was gallantly offered and as gallantly achieved, to which he was fully entitled and which nothing but politics impelled his superiors to withhold from

him; we have turned into ridicule the perfectly proper political aspirations of Admiral Dewey; we have grudgingly bestowed upon General Wood the rewards won by faithful service under conditions even more trying and difficult than those presented by the battlefield; and in various other ways have very effectively shown that live heroes are commodities for which we have little use and meagre respect. Jones being dead, however, he may safely be brought back and buried again with the honors which we never grudge to the departed. Here's hoping that before General Porter arrives with his burden the Treasury Department shall so prepare that the casket shall be allowed to enter port decently and in order. If the Dingley tariff, on behalf of some unnamed American industry, imposes a duty on dead heroes, for appearances sake let us ascertain the fact beforehand, let the duty be paid without ostentation and in advance, so that upon the arrival of the remains there may be no unseemly wrangle as to whether or not they shall be allowed free entry.



NOW THAT the Board of Aldermen is shorn of its power to hold up corporations its continued existence is an anomaly in a country where we have no particular use for a leisure class. We respectfully suggest that its next meeting be held in the lethal chamber where the fruits of the dog-catcher's efforts are passed on into the great unknown. We shall be pleased to act as a Pall-Bearer for what remains after the adjournment.

WHAT CAN the officers of the Equitable Life Assurance Society be thinking of that they will not permit their case to be tried by the newspapers? Leaders of the contending factions must be fully aware that the *New York World* represents by divine right the 600,000 policy holders of their institution and that long ago the American people abandoned courts, legislatures and official investigating bodies for the more speedy method of Trial by Editor. Somebody will be jailed for contempt before long if they don't watch out.

EXPERTS HAVE decided that toeing straight will preserve the human race, and that toeing in or toeing out will not. Toeing out, we understand, will turn a race of heroes into a tribe of dancing masters, while toeing in, involving pigeon-toes as it does, will turn us naturally into birds. Wherefore let us all toe straight, for this time the contentions of the scientists are only logical. It requires courage to toe straight, because it is not always easy to toe the mark. The man who toes the mark is never a man of compromise, and if toeing the mark becomes a habit, which is equivalent to second nature, then our weakness, hesitation, indecision and all other things indicative of a vacillating mind will be eliminated therefrom to the strengthening of character. Toeing straight, as a habit, will make us truthful, since the reflex action of a physical habit on the mind is of directive force, and straight toeing will beget straight thinking and straight thinking will find its outlet in straight talking. Straight living will follow, and straight living involves the development of conscience, the avoidance of devious methods and the consequent elimination of those entanglements which are responsible for trouble and wrong doing. Altogether it seems to be very well worth while to toe straight.

THE PRESIDENT'S vacation is progressing finely and bids fair to end in a blaze of glory which is little short of an apotheosis. He has bagged a great deal of game, but none more notable than the big bear of Mississippi, Governor Vardaman. Just what kind of ammunition he used to bring him down the despatches do not state, but the capture is complete. "With all my heart," says the Governor, "I wish Mr. Roosevelt well and am willing to overlook his peculiarities and idiosyncracies. I should like to be friends with him." There's a grizzly landed for sure!





PAINFUL DOMESTIC SITUATION.

"And to think that little Augusta said it so beautifully in private only last night!"

PUCK'S PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

DR. I. K. FUNK suggests that the press would be of great assistance in proving the immortality of the soul and other occult things, by truthfully reporting all psychic phenomena which may come to its attention. PUCK is always ready to help a good cause, and wonders whether Dr. Funk ever heard of

CASE I.—(*Investigated and verified.*)—On the night of Feb. 17, 1904, the landlord of the Red Jacket Inn, at Colebrook, N. H., was awakened by a scratching at the outer door, accompanied by a piteous whine. Investigating, he discovered a young bear which had been caught in a trap and had dragged the trap several miles to the inn door, guided by some mysterious power to the right shop for assistance. Mine host released the cub and sent him about his business. *Eight years later that bear died*, and it was found he had *left all his property to the innkeeper.*

CASE II.—(*Under fuller investigation.*)—A. M. Feedleight, an intelligent and respectable citizen, of Passaic, N. J., on the night of the 28th ultimo partook of the left hind leg of a Welsh rabbit, and was awakened towards morning by an ape perching on his chest. Strange to say, this ape had the head of a dog—a Scotch terrier he thinks. Is there not here solid ground for an a-pe-riori dogmatic conclusion that the soul of our grandam may haply inhabit a rabbit?

CASE III.—(*Fully verified.*)—Mrs. Put Hill of Greenwich, Conn., on April 1 gave her husband a letter addressed to Peter Henderson, asking Mr. Henderson to send her a seed catalogue. Mr. Hill, preoccupied with other matters, forgot the letter completely; yet two days later Mrs. Hill received a seed catalog with Mr. Henderson's compliments. The significant point in this phenomena is that this is the only case recorded by the Society for Psychical Research in which a husband neglected to mail his wife's letter.



It is unfortunate that the really important achievements are not less ordinary.



A GOOD STAGGER.

JUSTICE (*sternly*).—Well, sir, now tell us what you know about the fire?

MR. SLEWFOOT (*appealingly*).—Now, now, boss, Yo' Honah, yo' knows, sah, dat de cou't kain't compulsate a pusson to tell nothin' dat cremates hisse'f.

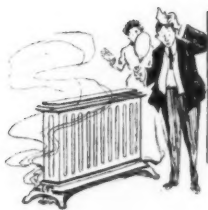


PAPA'S PRAISE.

THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG RECTOR.—Did your father like my sermon, Duty versus Business?

HIS WIFE.—I'm afraid he—he did n't, Dick. But he said, with a little more practice, you'd be the best monologue man in the pulpit to-day.

***A**rt can hardly hope to compete with Nature as long as Nature continues to work twenty-four hours a day.*



STEAM HEATED TALES. BY ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.



THE SITE OF THE SISTERS BEASLEY.

FOR YEARS, the neighborhood had resisted. Entrenched behind trees and colonial columns, it had repulsed the enemy's advances in both spring and fall building seasons, and exulted in its success. Then, one never to be forgotten April, the foe found a flank unguarded. A sale was made; some ground was broken; and in a few brief months, the staid old section of detached dwellings, garden plots, lawns and paths harbored in its midst an apartment house, and figured forthwith in the To Let column as a "select locality" and "surroundings unsurpassed."

With one such structure on the ground, with janitor and hall boys installed and in working order, others came speedily; some in rows, some singly, but steadily and persistently, like the burly Normans into Saxon England. Of these, none was more "delightfully situated" than a certain gray-stone stone apartment, The Cheops, which reared its stately cornice whole yards above the tree tops on the street most conservative of all. And upon the ground floor of The Cheops, just a step from the foyer with its potted palms and impressive furniture, lived the Sisters Beasley, plus Delia, their maid.

Let it not be assumed by the hasty that the Sisters Beasley were sisters in the short-skirt or serio-comic sense. Their names, Mary and Martha, should remove that impression at once. The surviving members of a family once large, they had sought long a haven of light housekeeping—the antithesis of their bleak, inherited brown-stone front with its four flights of stairs—and being able and willing to pay such rent as invariably is demanded when an apartment adjoins a foyer with potted palms and impressive furniture, they found their haven in The Cheops. Alas, that in such an Eden, in such a "charming residential section," there should soon appear to the Misses Beasley an impediment to peace!

"Sister," said Mary to Martha softly, on the latter's return one day from a leisurely shopping trip, "Sister, we have a visitor in the parlor."

"A visitor?" queried Miss Mary Beasley, closing the door behind her. "Who, pray?"

"I do not know her name," Miss Mary Beasley replied, "or at least, though she told me, it has slipped my mind. Really, she is a most interesting—I may say a most extraordinary person. Give Delia your wraps, Sister, and come in and see."

"Sure, an' ye moight walk the town over tin toimes befor yez kem up wid th' loikes av her," very positively affirmed Miss Delia Dorgan, taking the wraps aforesaid and receiving her mistress's frown with a sniff superior. "Says I t' meself, whin I sees her furst, 'Phat are yez, anyhow? A wax worruk?'"

Manifesting only as much curiosity as befitted a lady of her breeding and temperament, Miss Martha Beasley stepped measuredly to the parlor and into it, her sister by her side.

"So, so glad you have come at last," chirped a gray and brown little woman, if anything more old-fashioned than the Beasleys themselves. Her attire, from bonnet to cloth shoes, belonged like herself to a previous era, and there was a rustiness, in fact, about all of her, save her speech, which suggested a long repose.

"So, so glad," she repeated, rising and stroking Miss Martha Beasley's hand. "This other good lady—your sister—was expecting you. You are alike, much alike."

Miss Martha Beasley's smile, though limited, was amiable.

"So we have been told," she ventured. "But really, Sister, I have not yet the pleasure of—you seem to have forgotten that—"

"It's clear as noon-day," then she of the bonnet interposed. "You are asking yourself, 'Who is this little old woman who stands here and talks to me like a friend of many years?' Don't deny it. I understand

exactly. And yet, as I was telling this other good lady, your sister, Rachel Van Kleck *does* stand here and talk to you like a friend of many years. She *is* your friend!"

"Really, Miss?—Miss Van Kleck, it is very good of you to say so; very good, indeed," the two Miss Beasleys murmured.

"But I am frank enough to add," their visitor went on, "that I should feel the same toward any occupant of this floor, no matter whom; for to clear the way for this—this luxurious edifice—"

"Just think, Sister," anticipated Miss Mary Beasley.

"—Our family homestead, the home of generations of Van Klecks, the cosy nest of my own fair girlhood, was ruthlessly torn down. While the house itself, like all else of value, slipped from these aging hands—Ah!—weary years ago, the memory of it"—Miss Van Kleck undid her bonnet and handed it to the nearest Miss Beasley—"the memory of it has stayed, and I thought to myself as from day to day I watched this building rise, I will

seek the good people who come there to live, seek and beg them to gratify an old woman's whim. I want to sit once more, my good lady, and you, her good sister, where I sat as the daughter of Wilhelmus Van Kleck.

Here—here!"—the brown and gray old lady removed her mits and passed them to the other Miss Beasley—"was the site precisely of the dear old living room, and often from a window, just where this is, I watched for the market wagons to come creaking up the lane."

From a rusty reticule, Miss Rachel Van Kleck drew a kerchief of slight dimensions and, with face still pressed against the pane, applied it to her eyes. The Misses

"Miss Van Kleck, won't you stop for dinner?"

Beasley, one on each side of the parlor, shook their respective heads in silent sympathy and sat with folded hands. Delia Dorgan it was who broke the spell.

"Parddon me, mem," said she, coming to the parlor door and stopping short in evident surprise, "parddon me, mem, for disturbin', but I've served the dinner up."

"Very well, Delia," Miss Martha Beasley answered. "And Delia, when you go in again, set another plate."

"For th' loikes av—"

The remark was never finished. One of Miss Martha Beasley's famous looks, looks bestowed only under the severest provocation, effectually cut it short.

"Just what I had in mind, sister," said Miss Mary Beasley approvingly; and approaching the parlor window, she rested her right hand gently upon a brown clad shoulder.

"Poor soul," quite as gently she murmured; and then, in slightly stronger tones, "Miss Van Kleck, won't you stop for dinner?"

Back went the 'kerchief to the reticule; up—not too hastily—rose the brown and gray old lady; and into the now outstretched hands of the Misses Beasley went a shawl of ancient design.

"Thank you," she quavered. "Thank you. Ah, many's the bountiful meal I've had on this sacred site!"

And it was a bountiful meal that the daughter of Wilhelmus Van Kleck enjoyed that night in the Beasley dining room. And the Beasleys, conscious of a deed well done, enjoyed their dinner, too; for who in The Cheops,



PUCK

or out of it, ever harkened to a caller so quaintly entertaining, not to say affecting? Miss Rachel Van Kleck grew delightfully reminiscent. Everything she saw in the Beasley apartment brought vividly to her mind its predecessor in the homestead gone. She marvelled at the depth of The Cheops, saying with much merriment that as a girl she plucked Nasturtiums, Sweet William and Phlox on the very ground beneath the dining-room's parquet floor. The kitchen, she should judge, was just about over the path to the barn, and she regarded it as a coincidence not without humor that the Beasley's sedate private hall ran practically parallel to the old pebble walk, down which fifty years before she had travelled nimbly time and again, accompanied by her skipping rope. No; there *never* was such a caller. Of that, the sisters were certain.

Dinner cleared away, her memories found fields afresh. Their trend may perhaps be judged by the fact that at half-past nine Miss Rachel Van Kleck dozed peacefully beneath an afghan on the bed of the Misses Beasley.

"Disturb her?" "Never!" Miss Martha said softly but decidedly. "You and I will occupy the spare room, Sister. Let her sleep."

"How touching it was," said Miss Mary, "when she remembered about the bed. To think that it is almost on the site of the big Van Kleck four-poster!"

"And to think," Miss Martha added, "that half a century ago to-night she was sleeping practically—there."

The two Miss Beasleys stood side by side in the kitchen.

"Delia," cried Miss Martha decisively, "it can *not* be she!"

"Delia," cried Miss Mary sternly, "you should be careful whom you accuse."

"An' ain't I careful?" cried Delia Dorgan in self-defense. "Don't I know an' trust Rosey Monahan as I'd trust me own mither? An' don't Rosey Monahan worruk f' the Wilcoxes? An' were n't it to the Wilcoxes' flat that she kem a wake ago Thoorsday, wid all her blarney about owld homestids an' barns an' skippin' ropes an' the divle knows phat?"

"And it was another name she went by, Delia?" Miss Martha questioned searchingly.

"Sure, an' it were thot," said the family retainer promptly. "'T is not Rachel Van Kleck over there, I'd hev yez know, but Katrinka Dunderberg, if ye plaze; bad cess t' th' nem f' th' toime it took me t' catch howld av it!"

"An' phat 's more," she continued with crushing emphasis, "did n't I mesilf hear her say, wid her false face aginst th' windy: 'Here, as a gurrul, I watched f' th' marrkit wagons t' come crakin' up the lane?' Yez hov heard thim worruds befoor, mem, I'm thinkin'. An' I says t' mesilf when I heard her sayin' thim—me in the kitchen all the toime an' her in the doinin'—

room—'Arrah, ye hussey, afther gettin' males an' beds—yis, an' money f' all I know—wake in an' wake out from me misthresses, the Baseleys, yez go an' hov anither owld homestid, wid an apartmint house on it, two strates beyant!'"

Again, as on the day of the worthy Miss Rachel's first call, the Sisters Beasley shook their heads and sighed. The b-r-ring of their door-bell cut the solemn stillness.

"It is she!" cried Miss Martha with a suddenness so abrupt as to be positively unnerving. "I know the three rings."

"It was because of the three—er—taps that she used to give the knocker," Miss Mary Beasley faltered. "Shall we see her, Sister?"

"We can not," said the other. "The strain at present would be too much for both of us. We must have time to consider. We must do something now, Sister, that we never did before in all our lives. Delia, go to the door and— and say we are not at home."

The Sisters Beasley sat in session in the parlor. The davenport they occupied, one at either end, was not a whit more stiff and somber than were they themselves.

"Sister," Miss Martha was saying, "there is nothing else to be done; nothing."

"I fear you are right, Sister," Miss Mary reluctantly agreed. "As matters now stand, there is neither happiness nor peace for us here."

Miss Martha nodded assent.

"Never since that day," said she, "have I had an easy moment. To think that when Delia told her we were not at home, she should sit for two mortal hours on the cold stone steps, and say to me when I came, all ignorant of her presence, outside: 'Ah, dear lady, it is the magic of the past. Here, on the site of these stone steps, was the old rustic bench that a father built for his child.' Imposter or not, Sister, I cried. I could n't help it. It seemed so cruel."

"Well, she *may* be an imposter, as they say," declared Miss Mary Beasley, "but the thought that I had had a hand in her incarceration would condemn me, I know, to a life of racking doubt. Every time I looked at that window there, I should see the figure of an innocent, care free girl, watching for the market wagons to come creaking up the lane, and it would be torture."

"And yet, if we stay here," Miss Martha broke in, "and suffer her to come and go as before, we shall be haunted continually by the unpleasant thought that possibly we are being imposed upon. There is but one thing to do."

"And that is?" queried Miss Mary, though she knew full well what the answer was to be.

"And that is," said Miss Martha decidedly, "to move; to move and be free of all responsibility, whether it be responsibility for persecuting innocence or responsibility for permitting fraud and deception to flourish brazenly; but at all events, to move."

And again the Sisters Beasley folded their hands to sigh.

Next Week—
Bellamy's Undesirables.



"Ah, dear lady, it is the magic of the past."



MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

IF YOU think there's no use trying
To do anything of worth;
If you think you're but a cipher
In the multitudes of earth;
Just remember Mother's doughnuts
And press onward to the goal—
Finest doughnuts in creation,
They were made around a hole.

If the patch is on your garment
Where it never was before;
If your pocketbook is empty
Of its hoarded little store;
Just remember Mother's doughnuts
When the clouds of trouble roll—
Sweetest doughnuts manufactured,
All were built around a hole.

If you think your next-door neighbor
Had a better start than you;
If perhaps you made a failure
And success is hard to woo;
Set your teeth the way you used to,
Lay the comfort to your soul—
Recollect the grand perfection
That was circled round a hole.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Many a man sets out for Immortality and reaches Oblivion; but he may find the road more pleasant and he may be just as happy when he reaches his destination.



EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A REAL PRESIDENT.

Edited by Wilberforce Jenkins.

word with Loeb to wake me up next Tuesday. I'm pretty tired and a little sleep will do me good. Good night, sweet day, I shall never forget you.

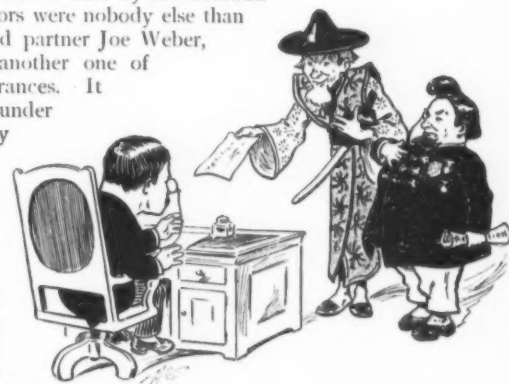
March 15, Midnight. There's no use talking about it the strenuous life is strenuous. Anybody'd think from the way these office-seekers keep pestering me for a job that I had n't said I would n't run again. They really act as though they did n't believe it. Might just as well not have said it. That Senate is an infernal nuisance. The man that invented Senates ought to be strung up. They seem to think that they are IT and not I, as if more than one could be IT. They don't tackle kindly to anything I do—even Lodge has gone over to the enemy. I can't treat, I can't agree, I can't formulate, I can't protocol—I can't eh? Well just wait until I begin to construe a few dozen more recesses. We'll see about that. Pretty tired to-night. Sassed three South American governments, wrote five lectures on Motherhood, Race Suicide, Seventy Ways of Bringing Up Children, If Cromwell Came to Washington and The Stertorous Life, interviewed thirty-two Senators, fought six rounds with Mike Donovan, dictated three thousand letters to fathers of triplets, and chopped down nineteen oaks temporarily set up in the Botanical Museum for my special use. That's a fair day's work, and so to bed.

April 1st. This has been a trying day. Jake Riis telephoned me at daybreak that the Senate had unanimously abolished itself and I forgetting the date believed him—Jake's such a truthful beggar always. Result was that I got up feeling pretty fit, wrote a proclamation annexing San Domingo to Cuba, Cuba to Venezuela, Venezuela to Panama, and Panama to Florida—a nice easy way out of a general mix-up, and then I discovered that Jake was not Jakeing but joking. When I revise the Calendar as I understand Caesar and Bonaparte and a few other strenuous ones have done, April 1st goes back into March and April begins with the second. No more April Fools Day for mine. After breakfast I received a call from Emperor William. If anything could surprise me that would have, but I'm past surprising. I enjoyed his visit very much until I again remembered the date and investigated. Of course it was n't William at all but that old jollier Bill Taft in disguise. I'll get even with Bill yet. Just wait till the lid gets red hot and I'll go off on a shooting trip and be pretty tired these days be-
after luncheon. A card was Governor Vardaman and ington together, and in anticipation of an interesting call I put on my Rough Rider's uniform to receive them. And who do you suppose they turned out to be? Not Vardaman and Washington at all, but Secretary Shaw with a bowie knife in his mouth and Murray Butler of Columbia College corked up. But I got even. I never let on that I did n't recognize them and challenged the spurious Vardaman to three rounds with the gloves and put him out of business. Butler I sent down to the kitchen for a square meal with



charge of the War in the East. I sent word back that nothing would give me greater pleasure. To assume command of both armies and the two fleets, have one last grand spectacular scrap and then declare peace with honor all around struck me as being an interesting job, and I arranged to give the two Ambassadors an audience at eight o'clock. I had my office decorated in honor of their coming, hung with Japanese lanterns, with little rosettes of Russian Caviare on toast hung at suitable points to hold the festooned colors of the two warring nations. I had the Marine Band stationed on the front lawn to play a composite anthem arranged by myself comprising the Star Spangled Banner, O Where is My Boris To-night, and My Fujiyama Belle, to give a harmonious musical color to the event, and then received the Ambassadors. Of course it was another April 1st joke engineered this time by the Gridiron Club. The ambassadors were nobody else than

Lew Fields and his old partner Joe Weber, who came down for another one of their last joint appearances. It made me pretty hot under the collar, especially every time my eye rested upon those infernal rosettes of caviare on toast and my ear caught the strains of the Fujiyama Belle from the Band out in front, but it is bad form to get mad at the Gridiron Club, made up as it is of the best fellows on the foot-stool, so I merely made the best of it, cried Dee-lighted every other minute, and handed them out my best copyrighted smile. It was eleven o'clock before the audience was over and then came the final stroke. They brought me a telegram from Andrew Carnegie offering to pay the National debt. I immediately telegraphed Carnegie to go to thunder, turned out the lights and retired. The day has been a hard one and my mind is made up. I shall start West day after to-morrow and leave my job in the hands of these light-minded associates of mine. After I've been gone a week, maybe they'll wish they had n't goaded me into taking a vacation. Bill Taft especially—wait till he's tried to be the whole thing for a week as he'll have to be for two months. Maybe he won't be sorry he worked a bogus Emperor William off on me for an April Fool. When he's tried the trick for twenty-four hours he'll wish he was back in the Philippines again teaching the ten commandments to the Sultan of Sulu! And so, good night, fugacious world. I'm off to Dreamland.



A COUNTER IRRITANT.

FARMER MOSSBACKER.—Since your nephew has graduated from the village academy—

FARMER BENTOVER.—Well, I'll have to own up that I've felt a good deal better since that important event than I did for quite a spell before. You see, ever since then, Lester has set around and recited Greek and growed hair and settled the tariff question and plunked on a mandolin, and invented a new way of runnin' the farm and the government and the solar system, and, simultaneously, as it were, ett like a young dragon, and, with all of it, so far succeeded in makin' me forget my other troubles that I'm really feelin' as well as anybody possibly could under the circumstances.

PREPOSTEROUS.

THE Wall Street broker stood aghast. "Tax me!" he cried; "b'gosh, You act as though you thought my sales Were real instead of wash."

A PRINTER'S error will make a zero out of a hero, but it is n't the error of somebody else that the average hero has most to fear in this connection.



THE DIVERSIONS OF
COMIC OPERA AT MRS. V.



IONS OF HIGH SOCIETY.
RA AT MRS. VAN VARICK-SHADD'S.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK

BOOKS.

MARRIOTT WATSON suggests a series of articles by eminent persons entitled, "Books That Have Made Me Cry." Good idea; but why stop at that? Let us have other series entitled:

Books That Have Made Me Sleep.
Books That Have Made Me Wish I Had My Money Back.

Books That Have Made Me Wonder Why They Were Published.
Books That Have Made Me Inexpressibly Weary.

Books That Have Made Me Think of Opening a Certain Prickly Burr.
And so on.

REQUIREMENTS.

PAUSING uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "Oi want to tek out a pawlicy."
"Life, Fire, or Marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm.

"All three, Oi 'm thinkin'," retorted the applicant. "Oi 'm goin' fer a stoker in th' Navy."

PESSIMISTIC.

MRS. TOPNOTE (*cheerfully*).—Never mind, dear! True, we're in pretty desperate straits just now; but, remember, if the worst should come, I could keep

THE "ROOSEVELT."

LIEUT. PEARY'S ARCTIC ROUGH RIDER, IN WHICH HE WILL TRY ONCE MORE.

the wolf from the door by my singing.

HER HUSBAND (*despondently*).—Yes, dear; but what if the wolf should chance to be deaf?

It is well enough to profit by our own mistakes, but it is a good deal more profitable to profit by the mistakes of others.



DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

MRS. UPPERTEN.—What *can* we do to amuse the baby?

MR. UPPERTEN.—I really don't know; he's too young yet to be interested in our divorce proceedings.



AT THE MUSEUM.

ALBINO GIRL.—I wish you'd marry me. Come; won't you?

BEARDED LADY.—Marry you! I can't. I'm a woman.

ALBINO GIRL.—No doubt,—but I ain't.

THE EXAMPLE OF HENRY JAMES.

The pleasure of being read is a pleasure so difficult to forego when it is attainable that Mr. James's indifference to it is striking.—W. C. BROWNELL in *Atlantic Monthly*.

HE'S piling up words in the attic—
The place is chock full to the eaves.
The groan of the cellar's emphatic
With bulk of the leaves;
With bulk of the tomes he is writing,
Whole pages and chapters galore,
Some solemn, some gay, none exciting,
In store.
For he is the King of the Scribes,
The Mogul, the wondrous I AM.
For readers and all of their tribes
He don't give a dam.

Come, gaze at the stalls in his stable—
There isn't a horse to be seen.
From foundation stone up to gable,
And all in between,
He's rammed it and crammed it with phrases,
Quotations and parentheses,
And intimate studies of phases
He sees.
For he is the King of the Scribes,
The Mogul, the wondrous I AM.
For readers and all of their tribes
He don't give a dam.

He writes for the pleasure of pleasing
The chap that's inside of himself.
You don't find him chasing or seizing
The popular shelf.
And since this is *all* his ambition
E'en his critics are forced to confess
He wins with each latest addition
Success.
Which is why he is King of the Scribes,
Of Authors the Alabazam.
For readers and all of their tribes
He don't give a dam!

ENVOI.

Young pensters and punsters and scribes
Are you seeking of merit the pa'm?
For readers and all of their tribes
Just don't give a dam.



Aging

Beer doesn't cause biliousness if it is aged well. It's the green beer that should be avoided.

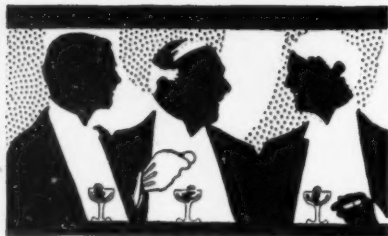
Schlitz is aged for months before it is marketed; aged in refrigeration. This process alone requires nearly ten million cubic feet of space.

The result is beer that is good
for you.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.



A GOOD thing is usually a target for imitators. Be sure to insist on CLUB COCKTAILS if you want the satisfaction that goes with a royal drink.

It is not enough for imitators to use the same ingredients—the secret of CLUB COCKTAILS is the exquisite proportions of liquors used and the ageing. This formula cannot be imitated—so CLUB COCKTAILS remains the only brand.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' convinces.

Sold all over the world.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
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Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while
the Candle Burns. ❄ ❄

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.

Illustrated.

Paper, 50c.
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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 25c E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

JUDGE PARKER's team bolted at Poughkeepsie the other day and narrowly missed an express train. This is not as bad, however, as if they had bolted the Democratic ticket.

THE VANDAL who defaces a statue or other object of art for the purpose of getting a souvenir for his collection should be punished in kind. Cut off one of his fingers, an ear, or a toe, for the State to keep as a remembrance, and see whether or not it will cure him of his habit.



INJURIOUS.

CASEY.—D' yez think cigarette shmokin' do be harmful t' the teeth?

CORRIGAN.—Oi do thot; a devil of a dude blew some cigarette shmoke in me face yisterda' an' Oi knocked out six av his.

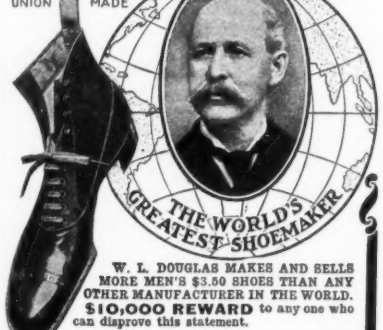
Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

AN EXCHANGE says that "only lead dogs are allowed on the Board Walk at Atlantic City." Gee! We should think a lead dog would be a pretty heavy sort of beast to tote around.

"Do THE planets trouble the Sun?" asks Professor Serviss. No. The only thing that bothers the Sun is President Roosevelt. If Professor Serviss doesn't believe it, let him read that interesting publication and be convinced.

A SOUTHERN EDITOR has just called another Southern Editor a cowardly cur. And did the second Southern Editor challenge the first Southern Editor to a duel to the death? Not he. He simply retorted "Wouf!" thus confirming his rival's statement.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD. \$10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from \$5.00 to \$7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

"The Best I Ever Wore."

"I write to say that I have worn your \$3.50 shoes for the past five years, and find them the best I ever wore." — Rev. Frank T. Ripley, 608 East Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Calfskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Calf is conceded to be the finest patent leather produced.

Fast Color Eyelets will not wear brassy.

W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. 25 cents extra prepay delivery.

If you desire further information write for Illustrated Catalogue of Spring Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 164 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street, NEW YORK
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

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Furnished or Unfurnished.
Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.
EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

"Free from the care which wearies and annoys,
Where every hour brings its several joys."

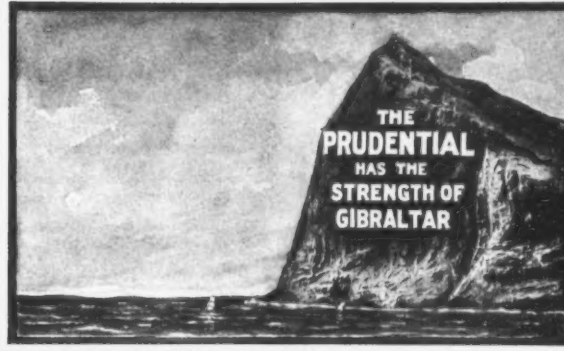
"AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS."

This is one of the most complete publications of its kind, and will assist those who are wondering where they will go to spend their vacation this summer.

It contains a valuable map, in addition to much interesting information regarding resorts on or reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A copy will be sent free, upon receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



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HANDICAPPED.

ABE WHIPPLETREE.—Did ye see th' fire in Deacon Brown's carriage-house last night?

MOSE MEDDERS.—No, I could n't git thar in time; I belong to th' hose-company now, ye know!

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a
tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweet-
ened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

COOK'S Imperial Extra dry CHAMPAGNE

Is second to no Champagne in
the world. It is half the price of
foreign makes, because there no
duty or ship freight to pay on
this American made Champagne.

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logue and select
the Diamond that
you would like to wear
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charges ourselves. If it pleases you
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Exposition, against the combined efforts of all domestic
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Watches and Jewelry. Write for it today.

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Produces strength, like any
good food.

TO TELL THE TRUTH
HUDSON
THE NATURAL
WHISKEY
IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.
THE MAYER BROS. CO. CINCINNATI - U.S.A.

THERE ARE curious optical effects to be had in the car advertising in the Subway. For instance, reading along the level of a single line in one of the express trains we find the following: "For Baldness, Gout, Rheumatism and Local Ailments address Ward & Gow."

BY UNANIMOUS VERDICT OF
THE WORLDS BEST EXPERTS



**I.W.
HARPER
RYE**
IS THE WORLDS
BEST WHISKEY
GOLD MEDALS
CHICAGO 1893 NEW ORLEANS 1885 PARIS 1900
GRAND PRIZE HIGHEST AWARD
ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR
BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO. LOUISVILLE, KY

Evans' Ale

No Trouble
To Open a Bottle--
Crown Corks
If You Want Them
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

It's AN axiom that "good things come high." Maybe that's what's the matter with the Subway.

THE WATCH which Samuel J. Tilden gave to Andrew H. Green has been appraised at \$15. And yet they say that Time is Money!

HOTEL GALLATIN

70, 72 West 46th st., between 5th and 6th aves.
APARTMENTS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED.

Parlor, bedroom, private bathroom, private telephone, in a new hotel for refined patrons; convenient to shops, theatres, railroads. Cuisine of noted excellence; hotel service, valet attendance. Tel., 5608-38th.

Single Apartment,
\$2
Per day,
without
Meals.

Double Apartment,
\$30
a week
for two,
with Meals.

PROF. BARNARD has discovered a new Milky Way from the top of Wilson's Peak. It won't do any good, though. The Milk Trust will discover a new waterway to offset it.

THE DEATH DUTIES in St. Petersburg have been increased fifty per cent. This is an indication that death is coming to be regarded as a luxury by the powers that be in Russia.

THE STANDARD —OF— AMERICA.

Gold Seal Champagne

Special Dry—Brut

You secure quality, bouquet and flavor in Gold Seal equal to any French champagne, at one-half the cost.

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PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Wednesday, April 26, 1905.—No. 1469.

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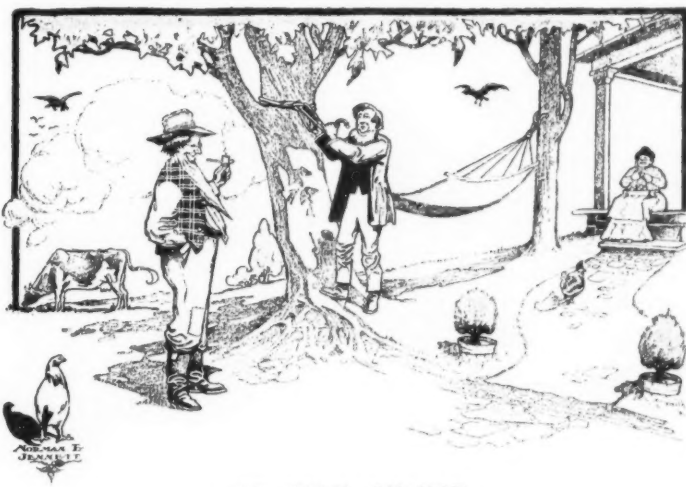
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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

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Cor. Houston and Elm Sts., New York.



HIS ONLY CHANCE.

JOSH MEDDERS.—Gosh a'mighty! What ye putting up hammocks in April fer?

FARMER WHIPPLETREE.—Wal, I want a chanst tew lay in them a leetle myself—before th' summer-boarders git here!

To CRITICIZE the Havanese
Upon their lack of sewers
Appears to be a pleasant thing
To modern flannel chewers.

But what if Mr. Cuba should
Ask Uncle Sam to meet his
Own duty as to Cerebro
Spinal Meningitis?

THE RUSSIAN question: "Got change for a bomb?"

SIR HENRY SETON-KARR has distinguished himself as an explorer in Egypt, and will change his name to Karr-Seton.

GLASGOW HAS added municipal ownership of cemeteries to its lists of civic enterprises, and Chicago is preparing for another campaign of education. Chicago may yet become the Glasgow of America.

Why Miller Brews

"THE BEST"

Milwaukee Beer

Because they purchase the best materials obtainable in the world's market.

Because they employ the most capable and skilled masters in the art of brewing.

Because their plant is fitted out with all the latest improvements and machinery known to the brewing world.

Because of their unexcelled method of cleanliness their beer is noted for its absolute purity.

Fifty Years of Experience.

Why not secure a sample and have your physician pass on the quality?

We invite comparison, because we want you to know that

Miller Brews

"The Best" Milwaukee Beer

MILLER BREWING CO., Milwaukee, U.S.A.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS are almost ripe, and the earth will soon be under new management.

POSSIBLY Nimrod Roosevelt can reconcile his hunting of jack rabbits with his well known census views, but it does n't look consistent to us.

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BRIGHTON

Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web. All metal parts nicked, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail. PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia. Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

WE HAVE to thank Emma Goldman for a rather neat phrase—"the nosiness of Theodore Roosevelt."

WHY SHOULD'N'T Judge Parker speak for an hour or more on such a subject? What man lives who could tell of the future of the Democratic Party in less time?

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TRADE MARK

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ARABIC

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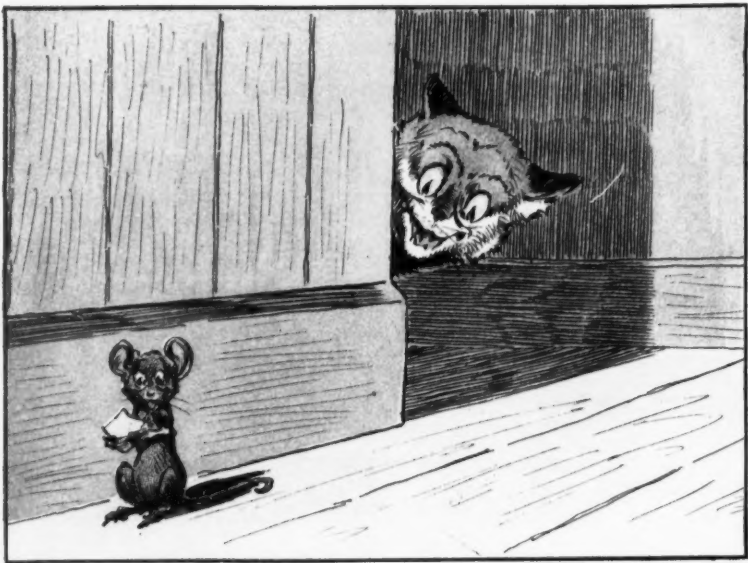
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On account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Ore., June 1 to October 15, and various conventions to be held in cities on the Pacific Coast during the Summer, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets on specified dates, from all stations on its lines, to San Francisco and Los Angeles, April 9 to September 27; to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria, Vancouver, and San Diego, May 22 to September 27, at greatly reduced rates.

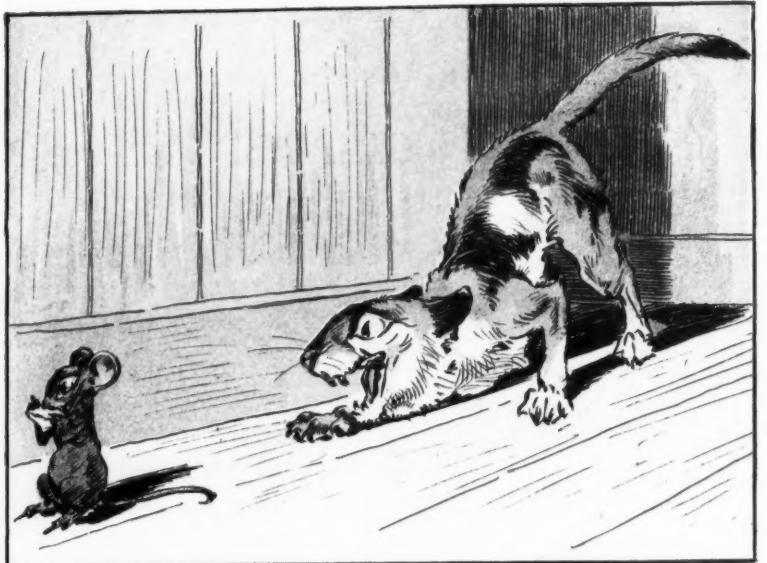
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PUCK



I.



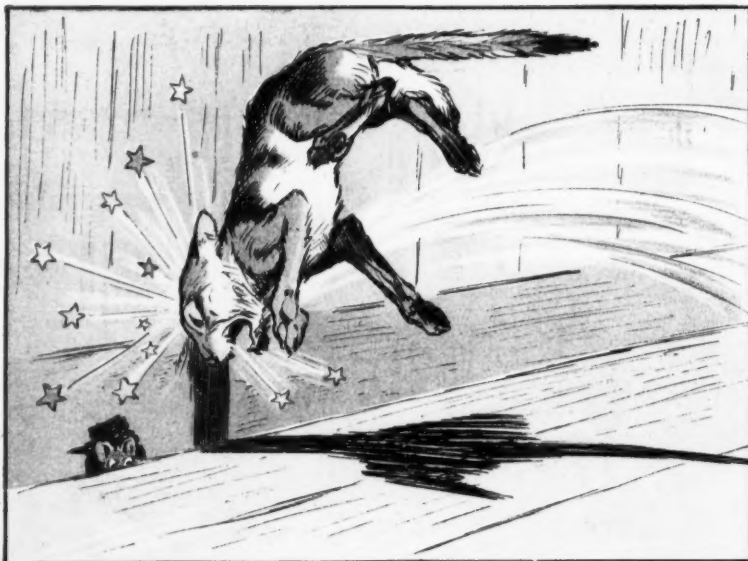
II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

THE MOUSE THAT TOM MISSED.